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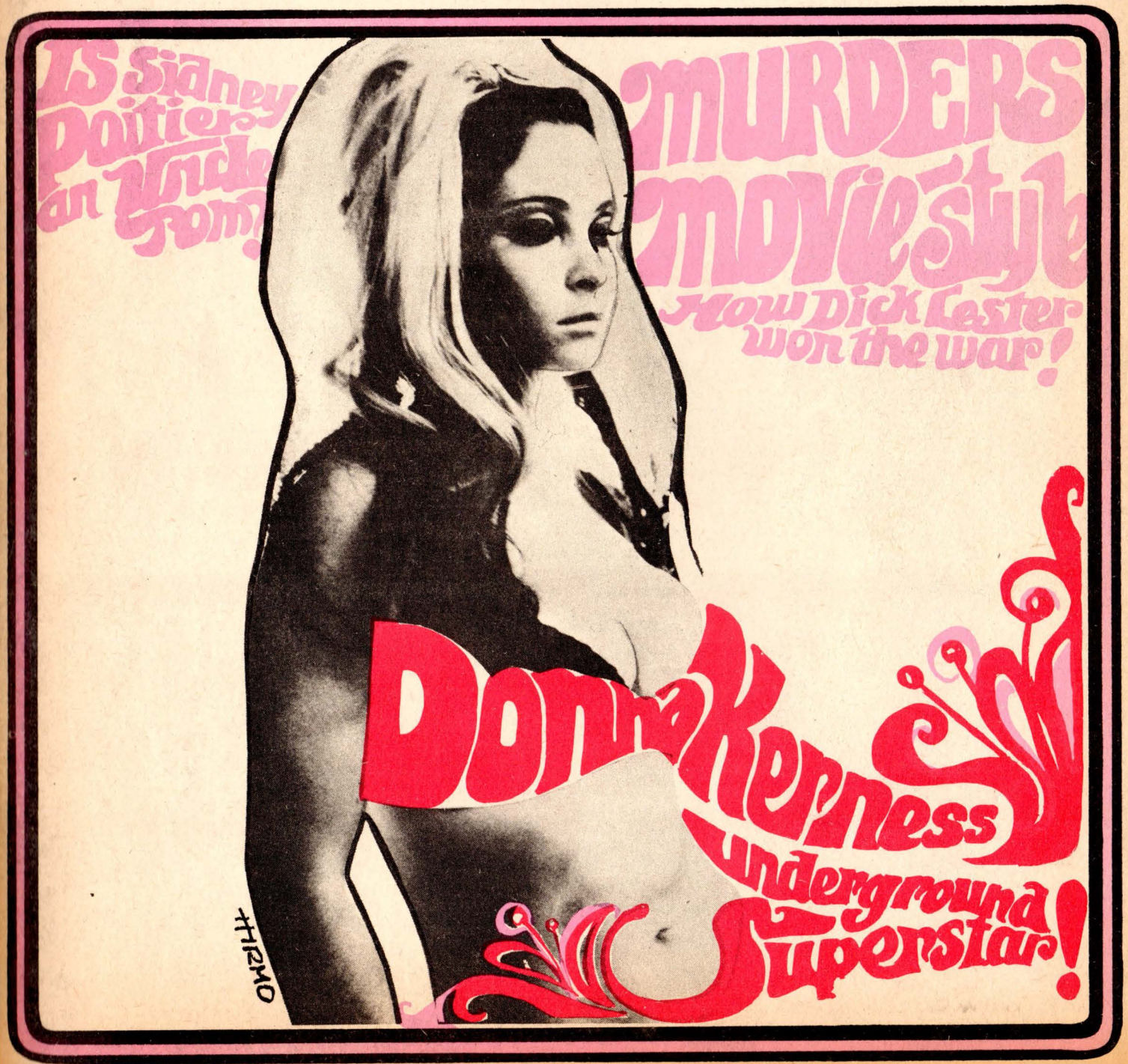

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DICK LESTER

& his war

BY

BOYCE RICHARDSON

LONDON — Until his latest one, Richard Lester's films have been one long giggle from beginning to end. Their technical brilliance and the fact that some of them have starred the Beatles have given them international renown and popularity. But Lester himself is far from being a giggler. Like the clown who always wants to play Hamlet, Lester has never forgotten that life is serious, while he has been pouring out this stream of gay and facetious films. For **How I Won the War** Lester has found in script-writer Charles Wood a writer both serious and comic, and between them they have tried to freeze the giggle on our lips.

Now, Lester himself would agree with hardly a word of this opening paragraph. He takes his films extremely seriously, and thinks there is so much in them that everybody should see them twice. He is pleased that many people do return to them, and was surprised to find that I had the temerity to interview him without having seen them all, even once.

Now that he has made his name, the serious Lester will be more on show than the superficial pyrotechnician who did so much to make the Beatles intellectually respectable. **How I Won the War** is a ghastly kind of farce which bitterly attacks not so much war itself as war-nostalgia, the whole apparatus of emotion and heroics, the whole idea of war as entertainment, something to remember with affection; he attacks everything that prepares people for the next war.

There are a couple of scenes in the film which sum up his attitude. A soldier has his legs almost shot away in a perfectly pointless skirmish between two half-lost, marauding troops of soldiers on a desert hill. Suddenly a woman comes running over the sand towards him, smiling falsely and saying into the camera, "It is impossible to tell all the touching and heroic stories." She is more concerned with remembering the "fringe benefits" of the war, as Lester calls them, the cameraderie, and so on, than the past agony of her husband. And in another place, as the soldiers wander through the gunsmoke at Alamein one of them is metamorphosed into the comfortable, suburban figure of Richard Pearson, grasping his gun uncertainly, and reminiscing from twenty five years later: "It's very important to raise a laugh on the battlefield," he says, "and very 'umerous some of those laughs could be."

Lester is 35, and was not in the last war. The conception of any war as Britain's, or any other country's, finest hour is unreal to him. He feels offended when Montgomery goes back to Alamein and describes the battle of twenty five years ago as "a jolly good shooting match". That, he says, is to glorify war, though neither Montgomery nor anyone else would ever admit to being pro-war. Yet to glorify war is to be pro-war. Nor, he believes, does the army make a man of you.

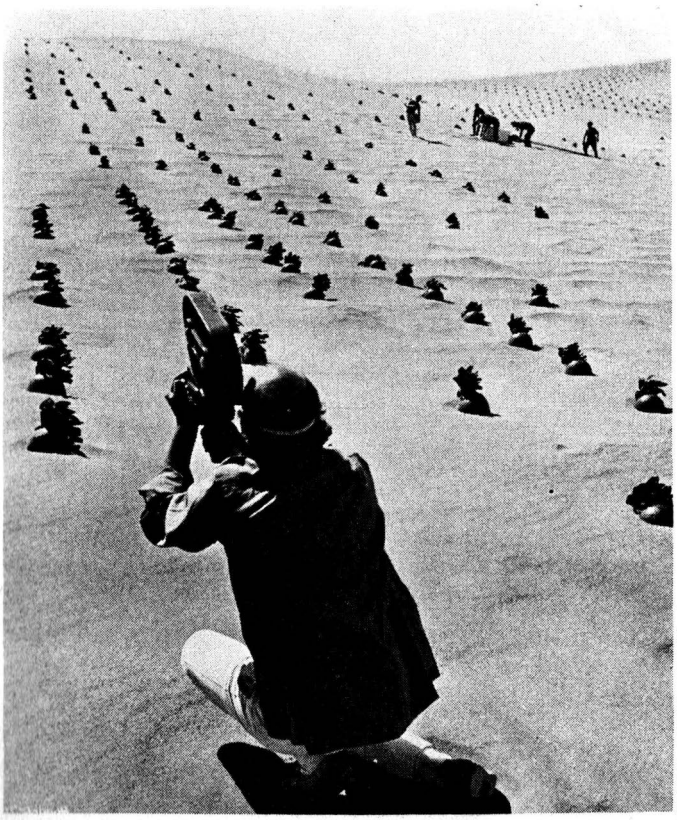
"To say that I was not in the war is to say that I was not reduced from being an individual to being someone who can kill. It does not make you a man, it reduces you from being a man, and in that reduction you are never quite the same again. I see my film as an honest attempt to express the point of view of those who have not been reduced."

It is this attitude that explains the alienation technique that Lester uses throughout his film. "I hate Westerns. They make the gun into a toy that doesn't really hurt. And I hoped to expose this in my film. When you put a bullet into somebody you can see what happens. I didn't want people to get excited about it. I wanted the actors to turn to the audience and say, 'you knew this would happen. You wanted it to happen'. I wanted to break the audience's involvement, to make them realize they were watching a film. I wanted to get the excitement out of death. And yet some of the reviewers — many of them — said that they found themselves curiously unmoved. Hell, that's exactly what I was trying to do."

That is the viewpoint of a moralist: there are other moralists on the other side who say that however upsetting to the sensibilities war may be, nevertheless it was necessary to fight the last one. Fair enough, says Lester, but let's not pretend that it was anything but brutal and awful, for that way we prepare the ground for the next one. "What I don't like is that a pack of killers is allowed to march down the street with ribbons on, when they should really have to slink out at night so that no one can see them."

* * * *

Lester was brought up in Philadelphia, and educated in a Quaker school. "It was an influence on me, I suppose," he said, "like many other things are." He worked in television in the US, among other things as a singer in a vocal group, and came to Europe in 1954. He came to Britain in 1955, just as independent television was starting, to try to sell a musical comedy that he had written. He sold it, and got into television direction here. He worked with Peter Sellers,



UNITED ARTISTS PHOTOS

Spike Milligan and Harry Secombe when they tried a television version of their unique Goon Show and in 1959 he and Peter Sellers made the crazy short, **The Running, Jumping and Standing Still Film,** which remains a classic of its type. And it's type? Not too far removed from Laurel and Hardy knockabout.

Before this had happened, however, Lester gave up Britain. The mood in Britain at the time of Suez depressed him, and he decided to look for somewhere else to work. "It was a particularly unpleasant time here. I felt England might not be the answer as a place to live. I tried to find a place that might be better. So I emigrated to Toronto. I wrote gags for the Barris Beat. I felt it wasn't the answer for us." He went to New Zealand (one day, it felt like a month), and Australia for seven weeks. After one year away to he came back, and has been here ever since.

* * * *

Lester's technically jazzy films, full of camera and lighting tricks, are now possible not so much because of new technical inventions as because the audience is today ready to accept almost anything. Most of the techniques he uses have always been available to film-makers, if they had cared to use them. Indeed, he rejects the idea that his films are technically advanced. The night before I met him, extracts had been shows on TV from some Eisenstein films of the revolution **(Strike,** and **October)** and as soon as I began to mention advances in technique, Lester mentioned Eisenstein, whose work looked as though it could have been made yesterday. There have been no important advances in the camera, in the boom, and only small advances in the speed of film. What is new is simply the willingness of the audience to accept methods of telling a story that ten years ago would have bewildered or disgusted them. Therefore, Lester does not regard himself (as, frankly, I had regarded him until I talked to him) as primarily a brilliant technician. Indeed, he is highly suspicious of technical tricks.

"For us to think about technique first is very unwise," he said. "Content is much more important."

I suggested — on the basis of having seen some of the more interesting films at Expo — that we might be approaching a point at which technique and content are inseparable. "The one thing that is sure is that all these techniques produce the same kind of alienating effect on the audience that I was trying to produce in **How I Won the War**, Lester said. "But it is dangerous. Only a few films want to alienate their audience. I did because I didn't want them to enjoy themselves. But there are no camera tricks in it. Nothing to make you aware of the director."

It is true that the alienating effects in Lester's film are those of content rather than form; but

there are still, it seemed to me, plenty of tricks, plenty of monochrome sequences, for example that of suddenly bringing to life postcard scenes from battles long ago. The film is far from being a straightforward old-fashioned movie, and I wondered if Lester's mastery of his craft hasn't blinded him to the fact that what seems quite simple and ordinary to him, may appear rather far-out and odd to non-technical people in his audiences. Anyway, he **said** he was suspicious of too many technical tricks, so I'll take his word for it.

What is sure is that, having mastered his business, he is now setting out to make more serious films than before. He has already shot a new movie, set in San Francisco, but unrelated (he hastens to add) to the hippie movement. It is tentatively called **Petulia,** and it "doesn't have a joke in it." It is what he calls "an anti-romantic love story", about a married woman (Julie Christie), "a nail-biting, demanding, idealizer of men, who assumes that everything in life must be 100 per cent", who leaves her husband for a somewhat dull surgeon in whom she sees steadiness, decency and security. They don't get along, of course, and go back to their original mates, since they have discovered that it may be better to settle for the 60 per cent you have than strive for the 100 per cent that is unattainable. That is a gloomy kind of theme, based on a moral issue, and is, if anything, even further removed from Lester's earlier pictures than **How I Won the War.** Next year he will start work on another morality, though this time a comic one, in which two left-leaning lads get beaten over the head by the various establishments (religious, political and so on) that appear to annoy Lester intensely. They end up by assassinating the Prime Minister.

Politically, Lester sympathizes with the left, but his anti-war film ("apolitical, I hope") has been criticized from both left and right. He cannot, as others on the left do, regard Guevara as a hero, "since he is dealing in the worst form of human degradation and murder to achieve his ends, and if you believe in the sanctity of the individual you cannot condone his method."

He disliked the morality of **Bonnie and Clyde,** which is currently the voguish 'in'-movie in London, since it was clearly glorifying violence, but regarded it as "the first picture worth arguing about that the United States has made in some time".

Surprisingly (in view of the type of films he has specialized in up to now) Lester is not much interested in the pure entertainment picture. "I didn't much enjoy making **A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum** because it was just about entertainment. I think a film should be entertaining, but also about something. I went round looking for the dirt and vice in first century Rome. I did a lot of historical research to find out what it was really like, and the result was it kept getting in the way of the story."

Still, that film had probably been necessary, Lester says, "to build up distributor confidence". He occupies a tiny office at Twickenham Studios in south London. There seem to be just two rooms, one for himself and his partner and one for his secretary. But a film producer is also in business: indeed, he is dealing in sums that to most people are quite big business.

Being in business requires that a creative man "build up distributor confidence". But now that is done Lester seems to feel that the distributors owe him something. "As someone who has made money for the distributors, I think they in return should let me grow and expand and develop film. I think that's my responsibility."

My guess would be that Lester will more and more concentrate on this serious aspect of film-making. I asked as I left him whether he was an optimist or a pessimist.

"I can give you a facetious answer. I eat celery from the outside first. I save the middle bit for later, and by the time I get to it, it is all soft and not worth eating. If that's not a classic definition of a pessimist, I don't know what is. I do not look to the past with any nostalgia. But I look to the future with apprehension."

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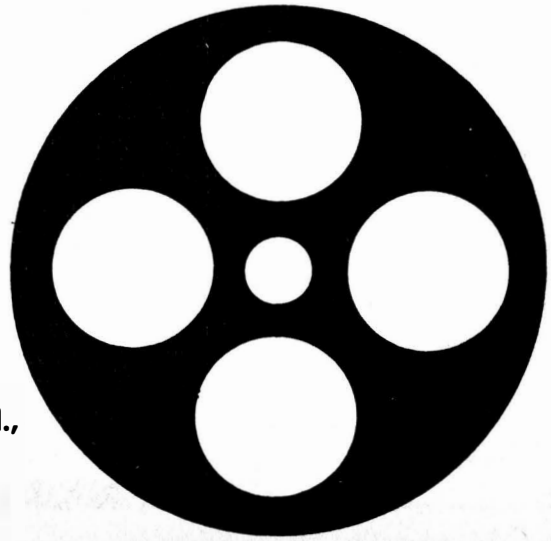

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towards a theory of TELEVISION AS A SENSORY EXPERIENCE

david j. powell

Television is limited as a medium. It is not the hi-fi nor the photograph; but more like the telephone, the small, portable tape recorder with its emasculated sound. It transmits actualities better than ideas; the process of creation better than the creation itself. Television is in a strait-jacket of time; it continually interrupts itself and produces a kind of "total" time relative only to itself. It is an intimate world of nose and eyebrow that passes on the intimate stories of existence; the fears and the doubts more often than the truths and certainties of the individual's involvement with the world.

One of the best uses of television is the documentary. Documentaries deal with actuality and immediacy. The production team is faced with a host of possible juxtapositions. Facts crowd in upon one another forcing the director to make choices that are both effective and meaningful. Is it more important to show the brick-thrower who broke the store front window or the looter who caused the policeman to shoot? It depends on what you wish to imply. Many television documentaries leave a feeling of haziness as to the point of view of the director. They carefully present both sides of the topic but fail to draw a conclusion. Is this correct or is it that we are applying standards drawn from other media? One of the prerequisites for judgement is a certain distance from the facts.

A newspaper writer considers as well as selects his words. The reader, in his turn, can consider the views contained in the article. The reader does not handle the actualities — only the words. Television, on the other hand, involves. It invites our participation in that we experience the event rather than know of it, as with the newspaper. Television does not lend itself to the line of logic. The governing sequence of television is that of time. And the time is actual, the duration of the program itself. We then tend to perceive the action of the development of ideas.

If this is true, what about the undoubted success of discussion programs involving a panel or small group. How can one say that argument is not the stuff of television? Again we seem to have confused our criteria. The real focus of these programs is not the idea but the action. It is the confrontation of the people that fascinates rather than their ideas. How many of us can remember the topic under discussion when the British journalist, Bernard Levin, got punched on the nose? The workings of the face and the compulsive, restless twisting of the hands are what we attend to, while the discussion of the problems of the Middle East takes a back seat. Television may draw on the theater, the film, the street and the committee room for its content, but the result for the viewer is often totally different from the impression gained from attending the play or the committee meeting.

To reach an understanding of why television changes many of the criteria we use to discuss other forms of communication, we must examine the diagram pattern needed to explain how television communicates. The most common pattern is sender-message-receiver. Let us modify this to communicator-medium-viewer; using medium since we are concerned with form rather than content. The modified pattern has little feedback, that is to say it is not truly reversible. The viewer modifies the pattern only by his choice to watch or not, and the result is slow to effect the pattern.

In order that a director-communicator may

explore the medium, his greatest freedom must be that of choice. He must be free to choose in the way that the creative process demands. In practice his choice is already bounded by decisions made by the possible financial factor and the network programming departments. Thus the director may work on the given formula using the potentials of the medium, but can rarely work from the potentials of the medium itself towards the realization of his ideas. The medium possesses a reinforcing energy, causing certain types of character, location and plot to be more effective than others. Craggy heroes are stronger than the clean-cut variety (notice the poverty of **The Saint** compared with the occasional richness of **Run For Your Life**, the principals Moore and Gazzara themselves reflecting this contrast). The director may use this energy to great effect but the more complex the effects of the medium on the message the less control the director has. This loss of control is a direct result of the viewer's role in the communication pattern.

The viewer's situation is far less controlled than the communicators'. The greatest unknown in the whole pattern is the viewer's perception — what he actually experiences. A number of factors can be identified as affecting the nature of the contact of viewer and medium. The output of the medium and the input to the viewer are regulated much like the iris regulates the amount of light reaching the retina of the eye. The iris of the medium is controlled by the communicator and the medium itself in some of the ways outlined above; the iris regulator of the viewer is largely reaction controlled. The optimum communication occurs when both irises are wide open. Switching off the set can then be regarded as the maximum negative iris reaction of the viewer.

The physical properties of the medium and their effect on the content of the message need considering at this point. The picture is composed of dots in lines. It works like a newspaper photograph, so there are no greys — only apparent greys; yet there is no true black or white, only the darkest and the lightest greys! If the program is color, there is a limited range which may or may not be in balance — the viewer often decides this by preference or ignorance. True flesh color is virtually impossible—so all are the too bronzed or the just out of the Sauna bath. The sound is hi-fi but, owing to television set design, the small speakers reproduce the higher frequencies and few of the lower; there is also great variation in the intensity and preferred frequency range. (The apparent high intensity of the commercial's sound is often achieved by saturation of the middle frequency ranges and not merely loudness.)

What are the effects of these and studio conditions on the product? Television has two focuses. The person focus and the thing focus. The first concentrates on faces and shoulders, which effectively reduces motion (notice what happens with ballet, the camera has to go back not only for the dance pattern, etc. but because we cannot take confused, swift moving backgrounds for too long). The thing focus is a concentration on the surface texture, mass and the quality of motion; these can produce visually pleasing changes of pattern according to a natural or contributed rhythm. The contributed rhythm originates in the editing which itself is controlled by the director and the properties of the medium. The smallness of the picture makes the use of extreme long shots very uninvolving and so slackens the rhythm even when used only briefly. The small picture is dominated by the pattern of dots and lines. Thus sets are successful when simple and bold or dense and textural, but the plainly cluttered won't do (middle-class soap operas seem to take place alternately in real kitchens and operating theaters or in collections of furniture taken from a real living room made to look like a store display). Color helps a little by giving more apparent depth but we suffer a loss of detail as we, the viewers, have poorer resolution of color dot pictures. With color we are filling in even more of the image for ourselves, we contribute what we "know" to be there. Color makes us more composition conscious as we are more sensitive to color balance overall than small local changes. (Baseball is better in black and white, football in color?)

Now let's apply two of McLuhan's principles to television. Firstly; the vanishing point of television is the viewer, not the picture on the screen as with movies. The picture is sprayed on or at the viewer. The screen is light through, not light reflected from (the little-man-in-the-box type of joke). There is an "inside" quality to the picture that is not present in film. Secondly, the picture is iconic. It is an image important as a whole rather than in its detail. It is more often a gestalt than an image of the real thing — a total impression, especially with color.

What further statements can we make about television on the basis of those made so far? The most important concept that we can now suggest affecting the communication pattern is that of the **emotional image.** The emotional image is the resultant of many effects described earlier. The effects of the choices made by network and director, of the techniques of the medium, of the physical properties of television's images and of viewer's disposition result in an experience for the viewer that has a certain emotional image. Those emotional images that are most successful are those that produce the wide-open iris in our communication pattern. An emotional image is like the tone of a color or a person's

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voice in that we respond favourably or otherwise to certain tones. All this implies that television is a medium that appeals to the senses, and hence to the emotions, before it appeals to the intellect.

Any concrete objective concept with solid intellectual content does not have a simple unified emotional image when presented in either dramatic or documentary form. Most intellectually respectable plays fail in their presentation for just this reason. They fail to establish an overall feeling towards the material. **Once Upon a Mattress** is more successful than **Death of a Salesman** despite the poverty of content of the former. The medium is the message.

It is far easier to handle the spectacular, the special and live color coverage and achieve the maximum open iris effect in the communication sequence explored above. When this is achieved the viewer's sense perceptions are relatively rich and in balance. The viewer likes a low emotional tone that allows minimal output from him, in the sense that there is little gearing up of match-patterns of thought required to perceive the flow of the images. The best emotional tone is then, like a muted trumpet — urgent, yet bearable. The producer is constantly searching for new variations of this tone that are significant yet acceptable within the established standard. These standards do not vary as much with type of program as with time of day. The day may be divided into several periods each having a recognizably different tone. Two of the major changes of tone occur between four and five o'clock in the afternoon and half-past six to half-past seven in the evening.

The greatest common currency of television is the commercial. It provides the greatest range of reactions on the part of the viewer. A ready acceptance or a violent rejection of the tone set by the commercial is equally fruitful. The commercial uses all the prime factors that determine tone. They achieve an intimate immediacy. The use of thing focus, person focus — particularly youth and age' tactile qualities, color and dense sound obviate the need for the spoken or written language. The poor commercials are not poor only because of clumsy and offensive commercialism (notably soap commercials), but because of confusion between image and words.

Most statements about television have concerned its effect on the audience or the banality of its content. Most television criticism applies standards from other media. The question "What is good television? " cannot be answered by these considerations. If television is a tonal medium, as I have suggested, the answer to the question is to greatly diversify and deepen the tone range. We must understand the nature of the medium before we can know fully how it is used and how we may use it.

BEYOND BELIEF

by Emlyn Williams & Bruce Martin

BEYOND BELIEF - a chronicle of murder and its detection; by Emlyn Williams. Published by Hamish Hamilton. $8.50

One of the indefatigable Goncourt brothers noted the instance of an eighteenth century gentleman who failed to seduce a young woman until after inducing her to watch a public execution (today he might take her to **Bonnie and Clyde**). But while an awareness of the aphrodisiacal effects of violence and carnage has existed since early times, the precise nature of the interrelationship remains diffuse. So that today, the impact on society of violence in films, television and the written word remains arguable. One may offer specific examples — for instance Norman Smith who, in April of 1959, shot Mrs. Hazel Woodward in Sarasota County, Florida, after watching a television programme, "The Sniper", about a man who had a psychopathic hatred of women; or twenty-three-year-old Heinrich Pommerenke who, in 1960, was sentenced to six times life imprisonment in Germany for ten cases of murder with rape, twenty cases of rape, and other crimes: he stated that sex films made him feel so tense that he had "to do something to a woman" (it may please some readers to learn that he claimed he committed his first murder after seeing de Mille's **The Ten Commandments**). But, as Ernest van den Haag points out in "Is Pornography a Cause of Crime?" (December's "Encounter"), "Obviously not all readers of de Sade become sadists; nor do all non-readers lead blameless lives." Or, as Alfred Hitchcock characteristically expressed it when confronted with the information that a double murderer claimed to have committed his second crime after seeing **Psycho,** "And what did he do before the first murder? Drink a glass of milk?"

In 1966, the English "murders on the moors" case, involving Ian Brady and Myra Hindley, revealed a startling instance in which films, books, recordings and actual events of violence (Kennedy's assassination) seemed, **circumstantially,** closely related to and in part responsible for three murders.

Several books concerning the case have been published. In "On Iniquity", Pamela Hansford Johnson (Lady Snow) suggests that the real responsibility for the tragedy lay with the new permissiveness, the unbuttoned sixties' sexuality and tacit acceptance of pornography.

In "Beyond Belief", author-actor Emlyn Williams is less dogmatic. He presents facts. Generally he avoids conclusions.

Ian Stewart Brady was born in Glasgow on Sunday, January the 2nd 1938 at forty minutes after noon. He was illegitimate. His mother, Maggie Stewart, never revealed the identity of his father. For three months, his mother kept him in her room on Caledonia Road, Gorbals, while she eked out a living as a waitress. By then, she was exhausted. She tried to have the child adopted. And he was, informally, by forty-year-old Mrs. Sloan, mother of four.

Williams writes:

The Gorbals is a poor and overcrowded district in the centre of Glasgow corresponding to parts of London's East End and New York's West Side, but carrying a specially notorious reputation . . . But though Camden Street was a bad slum and Number 56 a sordid brownstone tenement, the Sloan's was a decent home.

Seven years later; Ian is at school.

He was a quiet little boy, intelligent and obedient . . . True, not a reader. Not yet. Except that he made the required Scottish contact with Walter Scott Condensed-For-The-Young, where the lurid romance of castle and gorge and battle and dungeon caught his fancy . . .

But in the first post-war and pre-television years, over every city child it was the Pictures that held sway; on the lonely and imaginative one, their hold was especially strong . . . And each child found in the excitement what it suited him to find. One of them might be carried away by the horse-riding across the great outdoors and the bravery and the chivalry, another not. All you can bet on is that if the child was really impressed by what he saw, however he saw it, he'd start noting down the fillums, **Pictures I have Enjoyed.** And if he's the sort that likes making lists he can keep it up for years.

1947, Calder Cinema Govan Hill Jan 9 **Gunsmoke,** Feb 6 **Shadow of Terror,** New Savoy Feb 22 **The Killers,** Govan Hill Feb 27 **Appointment With Crime . . .**

Before the loneliest of boys settles for his own society, he is for a moment blown like a leaf into the social life: in this case games in the

street, harmless duels which several schoolmates remember, British Tommy v. Jerry. Nobody was willing to be a Jerry except the one boy who had no relatives in the forces: Sloany. He even insisted on it, as if instinctively drawn to "the other side".

The first symptom of what was to turn into a disease. Cranstons de Luxe May 9 **Odd Man Out.**

Early in 1950, aged twelve, he qualifies for Shawlands Academy, a reputable non-fee-paying school a couple of miles from home. He becomes friendly with Evelyn Grant and they go together to the pictures. And he develops a peculiar hobby — collecting war souvenirs, especially knives. But only German souvenirs.

Cranstons March 9, doors open 12.30, Spell-binding and Fascinating **The Third Man . . .**

1951. Sloany shooting up, tall for thirteen. Regal Renfrew St. Jan 26 **The Asphalt Jungle,** Elephant Shawlands Feb 6 **She Shall Have Murder.**

Then his first run-in with the law. Petty theft. Bound Over (on probation) for two years. And again next year. He is fourteen. Once more Bound Over.

Kelvin Jul 9 **Murder Inc.,** Elephant Jul 14 **Five Fingers.**

December 1952. He leaves school and finds his first job in a shipyard. His second is errand boy to a firm of butchers.

Every day a butcher's mooning assistant does get more and more used to the mechanics of carnage. Used to the innocent eyes one moment liquid with life, the next — at the hefty flash of the axe — glazed with sudden eternal disbelief, the blood spouting red and smelling warm.

November 1954 and almost seventeen. More trouble with the police. This time a welfare officer decides he should be re-united with his now married mother, Mrs. Pat Brady, in Manchester.

There wasn't much packing to do: a suit, a pair of overalls, crumpled newspaper cuttings about Hitler, and a ragged paperback of "The Third Man".

Olympia Sep 13 **Killer at Large,** Corona Gorton Oct 31 **Companions in Crime,** Met Dec 19 **The Tougher They Come.**

January 1956. Eighteen years old. Petty larceny. Two months in Strangeways Prison. Then Borstal.

Released from Borstal November 1957. Back to his mother and step-father.

Shaftesbury Longsight Mar 3 **The Depraved . . .** Shaftesbury June 12 **Violent Playground,** Kings Jul. 17 **Orders to Kill.** Jul. 30 **Blood is the Heritage.** Queens Jan. 14 **Intent to Kill.**

In February of 1959 he applies for a job as a male clerk with Millwards Ltd., Levenshulme Road, Gorton, within Greater Manchester. He gets the job.

Shaftesbury Jul 22 **Grip of The Strangler,** Kings Sep 3 **The Child and the Killer.**

Kings Feb 29 **A Bucket of Blood,** Cinephone Mar 22 **Dolls of Vice . . .** Plaza Sep 14 **The Creature Walks Among Us,** New Oxford Sep 30 **Psycho ! ! !**

January 2, 1961, He buys a recording, "Hitler's Inferno". And he has three tapes of Nazi music transferred to disc. Two weeks later, Myra Hindley joins Millwards as a typist.

Myra Hindley. Born Thrusday, July the 23rd 1942. When she is fifteen, she befriends a boy two years younger than herself. He is Michael Higgins. One day he goes swimming without her and drowns. She is utterly shocked. But the tragedy does not appear to affect her permanently.

May the 15th: Kings, Return of **The Third Man ! ! !**

Throughout the summer, Myra records in her diary her love for Ian and her inability to gain his affection.

Regal Oxford Rd Nov 4, All Thrill-Horror-Shock Show **Jack The Ripper ! ! ! . . .**

December 2nd, I hate Ian, he has killed all the love I had for him, visited Empress Club Stockport with Joan and Irene.

15th, I'm in love with Ian all over again.

22nd, Out with Ian! . . .

New Oxford Cinema Jan 27 **Judgement at Nuremberg.**

Kings Mar 27 **Curse of the Werewolf.**

Essoldo Gorton 19 **Night of the Demon,** Kings Jul 12 **Homicidal.**

Mid '62, and her twentieth birthday. Fine weather, the last summer of her innocence. Good week-end times, off on the motor bike into the country. He bought a little box camera.

Snap snap snap, Myra peeping roguishly from behind bushes, in what she called her doodle skirt, a dirndl he had made her buy, ye look a proper Teuton . . .

At work he acquires her as his secretary.

Kings Sep 17 **Walk on the Wild Side,** Oct 8 Return of **Jack The Ripper.**

They buy a television set — to watch a documentary about Germany.

For Ian it was a real gimmicky night; while Hitler postured and screamed in the little front room, Ian was registering postures with camera and screams with tape recorder . . . He got an excellent close-up of Hess, in uniform, to be duly pasted into the family album . . .

He plays her his Goon Show record over and over; entertains her with his impression of Neddie. And Neddie becomes her love name for him.

His name for her came from a typical sardonic juggle with the names of a great pianist and of the notorious Nazi: Myra Hess, **Hess for short,** sometimes Hessie.

May 1963. Hessie is taking driving lessons.

They rent a car and spend a day on the moors. They watch the sun set over Manchester. They have wine and a transistor radio. The rear seats of the car fold flat. They have laid a mattress on top of them.

Ian buys a more sophisticated camera. It has a flash unit and a delay mechanism on the shutter. He takes some photographs. He will develop them himself.

Thirty. Twelve of the female model alone... five of the male alone and thirteen of both, mostly navel-to-thigh close ups of the normal sex act... In two of the single female poses, the model is completely nude: in the one she lies on the floor, face downwards and head away from camera, feet together in foreground, in the other the same position except that she is kneeling. On the buttocks, in both poses, several very faint horizontal lines. In the corner, the dangled end of a knotted whip.

The male poses are markedly narcissistic.

October the 6th, Summer Time ends and fab programmes coming up on T.V. "Itchcock Hour" and "Espionage" and "The Avengers", which is getting real kinky, Cathy Gale in that leather an'high boots lukin' as if she'd like to give ye twenty strokes o' the best.

Studio One Oxford Rd Nov 11 **James Bond ! ! ! From Russia With Love ! . ! !** HE DEVELOPED THE TECHNIQUE OF LOVE TO AN ART AND THE ART OF MURDER TO A SCIENCE ! ! !

They plan to spend Saturday on the moors. Hessie rents a car. They buy some wine. November 22 1963, Friday evening, they settle down to watch "Bonanza". "Bonanza", however is pre-empted as the result of an obscure young man names Oswald from Dallas, Texas.

On Saturday, Neddie has her buy a spade. "We're goin' up to dig some o'that gorgeous peat an' bring it hame an' dry it for fires".

They go up to the moors and he digs a sackful of peat. They return to the city. They offer a ride home to a twelve year old boy. They return to the moors. Two years later the body of John Kilbride will be eased from its peat grave. Precisely how he died will never be determined.

A year passes. Christmas 1964. They have their own car now, a green Austin Traveller. As a special treat, they take a neighbour's eleven year old daughter on a peat expedition to the moors. She returns.

Boxing Day. They finish tea and get into the car. Myra puts on a dark wig. He scans the crowds with the help of a hand mirror. They pick up ten year old Lesley Anne Downey. Bring her home. Where they take photographs. And make tape recordings. Then they bury her on the moors, not far from the grave of John Kilbride.

The tape recording will be played in court. He will be asked why he kept it. He will reply, "Because it was unusual."

Sun Dec 27 **The Premature Burial** Sun Jan **3 Kill Her Gently.**

They take photographs of each other on the graves of the children; finally, these photographs will be used to locate the bodies. And they take the neighbour's eleven year old daughter for walks on the moors; sometimes, the three of them stand silently over the unmarked graves that only two of them are aware of.

Ritz Hyde Feb 15 **Black Sabbath.**

Ritz Hyde Jul 26, **Never Mention Murder**

Waverley Shawlands Sep. 18 **The Killers.**

Sometime during the evening of October 6, 1965, near a Manchester bus terminus, they pick up eighteen year old Edward Evans in their car and take him home. He has never seen them before. Around eleven o'clock, in the presence of Myra's brother, David Hindley, Ian batters Evans to death with the blunt edge of an axe. David, who is expected to enjoy the spectacle as much as Brady, goes next day to the police.

On May 6, 1966, at Chester Assizes, Ian Brady is found guilty of all three murders, Myra Hindley of the murders of Edward Evans and Lesley Anne Downey. She is found not guilty of the murder of John Kilbride but guilty of being an accessory after the fact. Both Brady and Hindley are sentenced to Life Imprisonment (the maximum sentence possible). He is sent to Durham Jail and she to Holloway in London.

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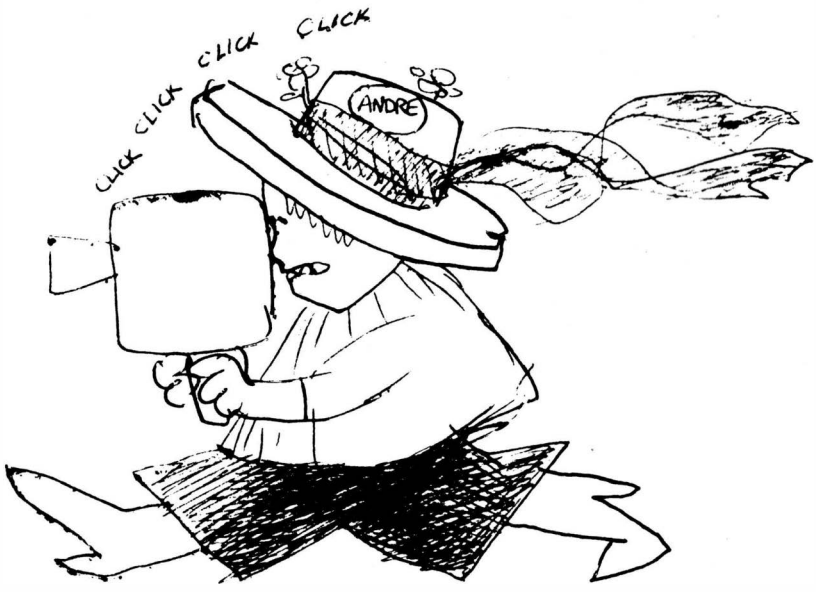
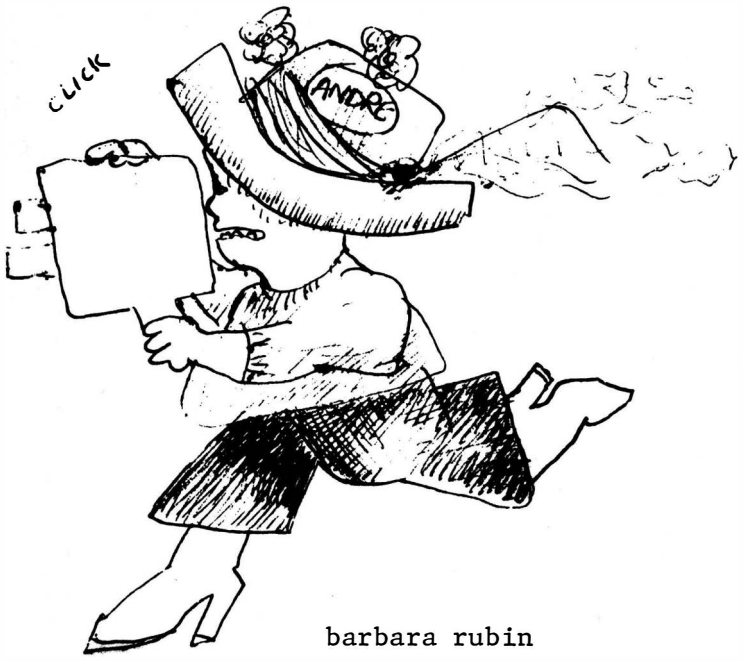


NORTH AMERICA'S SECOND ALL-WOMAN FILM CREW

shirley clarke



barbara rubin

The drawings were inspired by working on Shirley Clarke's film on André Vosnesensky. The drawings come out of a period of two days; one and a half of which we spent looking and waiting for André. The second day we waited for him at Timothy Leary's as this was to be a big meeting of the two to be put on film. André never showed, but we worked hard anyway -- all three of us shooting fill-in material that might later be useful. I think an all-woman crew is funny anyway, and this one was probably the second ever assembled in North America. I was in what was considered the first all-woman crew ever -- in the States -- on a film for the Job Corps for Xerox. (It should have been sketched too, as it was just as funny a group of ladies as Shirley and Barbara and myself.)

I wish I could have done sketches of when we actually filmed André as that was funny too. Particularly the night at the Village Theatre when all the major American poets gathered to read and honour André. It was at this gathering that there was so much violence and I was showered with piss and water (all over my new camera, etc.) by an angry messed-up poet.

Joyce Wieland

joyce wieland

1st Prize, Best Experimental Film, 1967 Vancouver International Film Festival; "A masterpiece . . . the finest experimental film in two generations." BOSTON AVATAR; "Extraordinary!" CHICAGO SUN-TIMES; "Conjures up a unique sensual reverie. All the gratifications of vision, hearing, taste, touch and smell are exemplified in this twin-screen cataract of sights and sounds. It haunts the mind long after the screen has darkened." Clyde Gilmour, TORONTO TELEGRAM; "Containing some of the most beautiful experimental color footage ever filmed, it demonstrates that split-screen techniques can be used for more artistic purposes than a Chelsea Girls." Clifford Terry, CHICAGO TRIBUNE; "One of the most extraordinary and moving films I have seen in a long time. A decadent film in the sense that Bunuel's Un Chien Andalou and l'Age d'Or are decadent and whose catharsis runs throughout from first frame to last." Peter Morris, Curator, Canadian Film Archives, TAKE ONE; "A sensual honeycomb dripping with colour. Hofsess uses film as an artist and his palette is a generously rich one." Stuart Brown, HAMILTON SPECTATOR; "A very powerful sensation." ARTS CANADA; "Kaleidoscope patterns pulse and breathe, flowers hypnotize like Georgia O'Keeffe's canvases, the Vietnam War uneasily cohabits the screens with languid, beautiful, young lovers. It is sumptuous." Michael Williams, CHICAGO DAILY NEWS; "Imaginative and essentially erotic." TORONTO GLOBE AND MAIL; "One of the most imaginative and important films yet to emerge from the North American Underground." LOS ANGELES FREE PRESS.

BLACK ZERO is Part One of THE PALACE OF PLEASURE

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. December 1967: John Hofsess and Ron Taylor completed Part Two.

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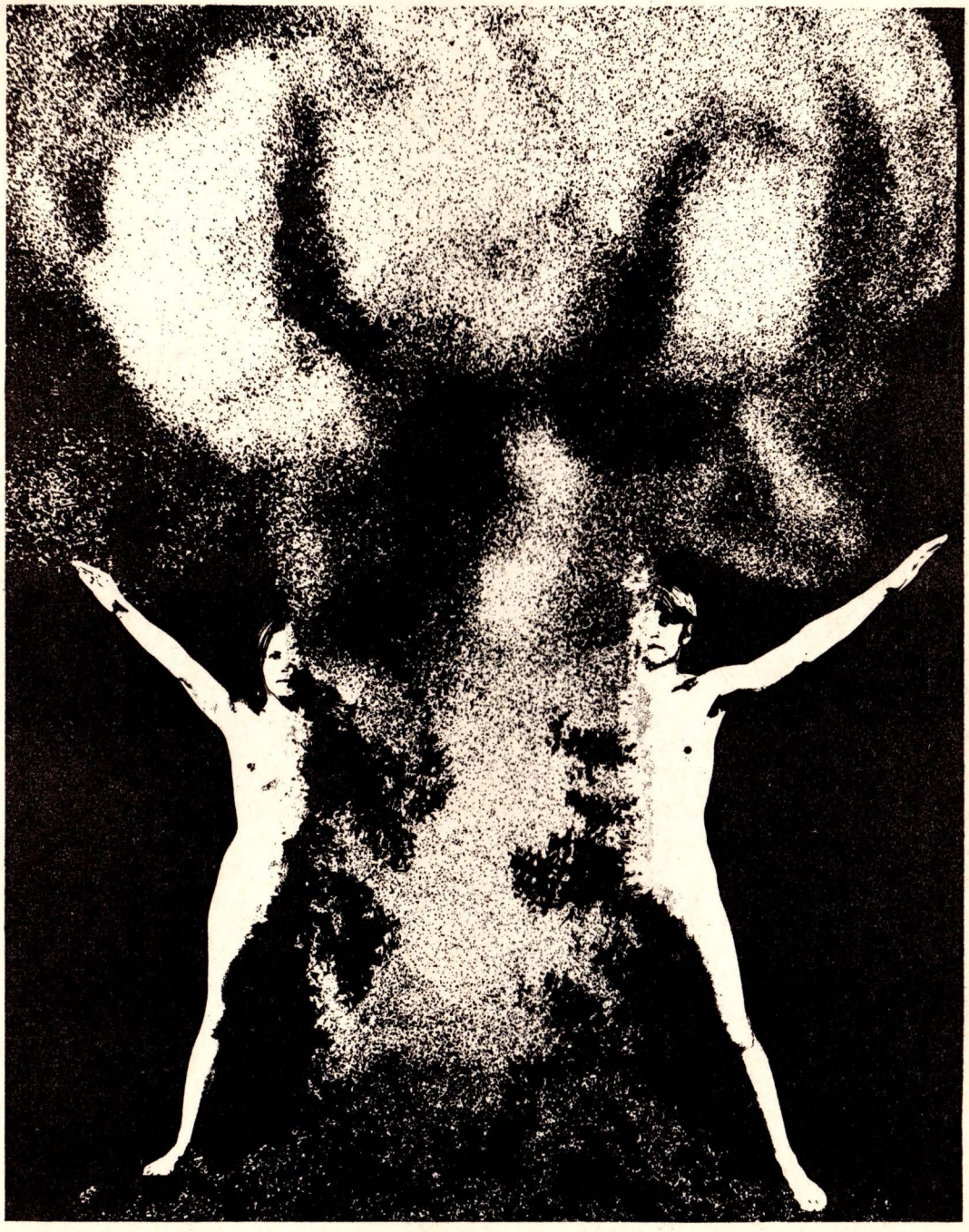

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BLACK MEN OR GOOD NIGGERS?

race in the new movies

by Catherine Sugy

"Hit him again, man!" The shout comes from somewhere in the predominantly black audience at a 42nd St. theater. And Kirk Douglas's black servant lashes him some more; a close-up shows tears streaming down a face that is very gentle, very black.

The film is **The Way West**, the date Spring 1967. By November there's a change. The black man still belts Douglas, but for a shorter time, without a profile close-up. And without any tears. This time there is no response from the audience.

Why the cut? Who knows? We live in jittery times. But either way, does it really matter? The black man is a servant; he strikes only when he's been ordered to. And as he obeys, he cries. Tearful or tearless, the beating understraps and strengthens, not the old Adam, but the old Uncle Tom.

Race, the uses and abuses of, is back in the public eye. The **New York Times, passim**, tries to find where we're all at, racewise, in movies and plays. Mr. Walter Kerr, that most honest of brokers, calls for a "less realistic, more stylized theater in which color is irrelevant" (**N.Y. Times Magazine**, Oct. 15). He is not to be blamed if some see this as mere niche-picking. **Ebony**, organ of black commerce and hair-straightening, exults in the Leslie Uggams hoop-la. The Teachers' Guide to **Media and Methods** has Professor Manchel of The University of Vermont put the finger on the "new stereotype image of the Negro". The same issue (April 1967) has a Mr. Ned Hoopes, who looks after tv at Hunter College, lauding Bill Cosby's characterization of Alex Scott, black **wunderkind** of NBC's **I Spy:**

> "Scott is the antithesis of the Negro school dropout. A Rhodes Scholar and a graduate of an impressive Ivy League College, he provides proof of the benefit to someone from a minority group who takes advantage of school."

And that, somewhere between P.S. 105 and the Harvard Yacht Club, is where Mr. Hoopes is at.

BLACK PEOPLE AS EXTRAS:

"I shall try to look like a small black cloud. That will deceive them." — Winnie — The — Pooh

The sincerity of white middle-class support for black civil rights has often been questioned. But that such support is sincere is indicated by the near-universality of black extras in films produced in and around the first half of 1965, that is, at the height of the civil rights drive. In fact, apart from Grade-B potboilers and teen-age surf-rock films, the only all-white film to open in New York City between March and May of 1966 was **Inside Daisy Clover**.

For the most part these black extras appear almost exclusively in middle-class roles: members of a jury (**Madame X**), nightclub guests (**Harper**), attending elaborate parties (**Do Not Disturb**), even a Western saloon-keeper (**Gunpoint**). We may assume that an audience is pleased to see blacks in positions of implied social prestige; whether it would be pleased to see them as laboring men or as protagonists in more mundane middle-class situations is something else again.

However, the black extra serves a more immediately political role than the straightforward one of underlining support for civil rights. The extras were included in the first place, not only to capitalize on civil rights support, but also to answer the very real **need** to think that the racial

issue is being absorbed successfully. Were this not so, these extras would have vanished with the movement's collapse — as of course it has collapsed, under the weight of the Vietnam-induced, violence-oriented domestic crisis in the cities.

Has the older use of extras changed in any way? As of the Fall of 1967 they appear less frequently and in different situations — although in early '67 that particular use was spreading even to conventional teen-age films (Elvis Presley's **Spinout**, Troy Donahue's **Come Spy With Me**). What change there has been may be credited to the increasing politicization of movies, for it is becoming best either to leave blacks out altogether or to represent them with a small role rather than an extra appearance. Even so, the extra still turns up, often lighter-skinned, discreetly middle-class, the very model of the "spook" figure satirized by black activists.

A brief word on the old Uncle Tom role in its straight form: Till the end of the 40's, a popular black role was that of loving servant, a role that has since been extensively adapted, even though it still shows up undiluted. The Devoted Servant is of course an international figure, tending to appear in the literature of countries with an acute class struggle — the Russian **muzhik** or French **confidante** maid. Admittedly such figures may be useful in the plot of a play or book, but their appeal remains sociological. Often they will point up the hero's goodness — he is kind "even to a servant". And while servants are working-class figures, their devotion is proof that "they aren't all dangerous". Uncle Tom, by his love, gives the dominant classes the certainty both of their virtue and of their survival. He reassures them.

Thus while the traditional approach would be too much for this hyped-up age, the gimmick remains wonderfully alive. At the beginning of **The Trouble With Angels**, Hayley Mills' girl companion bumps into a black train conductor and excuses herself shyly; he smiles and nods. Or in **Come Blow Your Horn** and **A Guide For The Married Man** Frank Sinatra or Walter Mathau stop to pay a black delivery man or flower vendor. The blacks say "thank you".

Everbody's just doing their thing.

BLACK SUPPORTING ROLES: "A Whiter Shade of Pale" New Song

These could equally well be filled by whites — but this would miss out on the socio-politics. What is most interesting about black support roles is what they are not: male parts follow a rigid formula. And there are few female roles.

To take the second one first: that there should be few roles for black actresses is the result of the stereotyping of women in the general run of American movies. Women are for decoration and sex. This can pass with white actresses; with black women it's more difficult. The folklore that white American men are uncomfortable about black women would seem to be borne out by the emphatic unsexiness of black movie actresses.

As for black male support roles, at first glance the sky's the limit. A Western trapper **(The Professionals)**, soldier-convict **(The Dirty Dozen)** gladiator **(Spartacus)**, football star **(The Fortune Cookie)**, Harlem gangster **(The Pawnbroker)** and a detective **(Penelope)**. Social mobility everywhere.

The servant role has changed. Or has it just expanded? Does it, despite the change, actually continue to conform with an image that has supposedly been rejected?

World War Two comes into play here. The servant of the forties became the war-buddy of the fifties and early sixties, **(Oceans 11; The Manchurian Candidate)**. There was the added convenience of credibility; servility was, apparently, left behind in Europe or Guadalcanal. And the old war-buddy could be a sentimental figure, while at the same time not being all that close. In other words he fulfilled what seem to be the three absolutes for contemporary black roles: that he not come too close to whites, that he love them, and that he be entirely positive.

Every subsequent part has met these criteria. Like the extra who is a nightclub guest but misses out on the barbecue, the role of detective, athlete, underworld boss, schoolteacher, tells the audience that this black man has made it, without, in the plot, bringing him too near.

And every role shows the black helping whites. In **The Professionals**, the trapper is one of four horsemen sent on a mission to Mexico. There's a lot of fighting and dying, but the only killing our man does is to save his white friends. In **The Dirty Dozen**, the black convict acts with special bravery, kills the villain, and dies. Conspicuously. In **Spartacus** only the black gladiator likes Kirk Douglas (except of course for the heroine). In **The Fortune Cookie**, the football player voluntarily comes close to becoming Jack Lemmon's servant. He calls Lemmon "my buddy."

And, finally, black roles are wholly positive. No bad, or even complex black people is the rule.

To sum up: these films adapt the "Negro" formula. They present a view meant to be honestly opposed to previous stereotypes. But the formula remains: sexual guilt is sidestepped by turning black women into the most puritanical figures in Hollywood. And the men must be excessively good, in order to calm a fear which, though unformulated, is real.

THE BLACK STAR: "Pale hands I loved beside the Shalimar" — Old song.

The most famous black movie star is Sidney Poitier. He is handsome, sophisticated, gentlemanly, cultured; his occupation — student, bank employee, reporter, detective, teacher — shows him to be boss. He automatically fulfills the first demand on the currently acceptable black, that he help whites feel that their society accepts him. Moreover, in his help to whites, his image again is Uncle Tom refurbished; and his films, although with some elaboration, again emphasize remoteness and victimization.

Poitier has no worries of his own. The plot of each film hinges on white problems and his success in solving them. He is the Black Knight on Westchester Avenue. In **A Slender Thread** he saves a woman from suicide and reconciles her with her husband. In **To Sir, With Love** he teaches teen-agers the middle-class proprieties. In **Lilies Of The Field** he helps build a church for German nuns. In **In The Heat Of The Night** he solves a murder case. And in **A Patch Of Blue** he rescues a blind girl from her slum home. In every picture he is far more wise than the whites. And in every picture, by gentleness and tact, he helps.

But what about the criterion of closeness? Here we may distinguish between black support role and black star role. In the former, particularly if the role is a short one, the black may enter the film in some professional capacity — second detective in **Penelope,** secretary in **Doctor, You've Got To Be Kidding.** This is called the natural, or casual entry. But in more substantial support roles, and emphatically in star billing, the black must enter by accident. This is known as the accidental entry — literally true in **The Fortune Cookie,** in which our football player becomes involved by injuring Jack Lemmon during the game.

In the case of Poitier, his lack of substantial ties with the white world is established at the beginning and end of each film. In **In The Heat Of The Night** his involvement becomes almost a parody of the accidental formula. He was just visiting his sick mother in Mississippi.

The last scene in a Poitier film does two things. It shows black-white contact coming to an end; in further shows the divorce to be a result of black decision. In **A Slender Thread,** he is invited by a policeman to meet a woman he's saved. "Oh, no," he replies, gently smiling. In **A Patch Of Blue,** he puts Elizabeth Hartmann into the car taking her to the institution. Again gently smiling and with much shaking of the head and sighing, we infer, as she does not, that it's the last time. And so on. **To Sir, With Love** does have him stay on teaching. But his students have graduated and as the theme song says: "The time has come for closing books/ and long last looks must end/ and as I leave I know that I/ am leaving my best friend." In any event the good teacher image is ideal here, since traditionally this is the person of whom one retains a sentimental memory, without any lasting connection. Rather, in fact, like a servant. Or a war-buddy.

Thus the separation theme is further elaborated in the Poitier films by the act of refusal. This is particularly apposite when there's a romantic angle. (Why, incidentally, are the female leads in Poitier films all previously unknown actresses? Elizabeth Hartmann, Katharine Houghton? Very odd.)

The Poitier-image, then, is the most recent version of the American knight-errant. He appears unexpectedly, solves problems, is always unmarried, has no personal worries, and his background is a mystery. The climax, if that is the word, is reached in **Lilies Of The Field** in which he drives away into the evening, **still leading the nuns in song.**

THE EVERYWHERE THREAT: "Every Heffalump that he counted was making straight for a pot of Pooh's honey, **and eating it all."** — Winnie-the-Pooh (emphasis in the original.)

It should not perhaps be necessary to underline the fact that the films under discussion are made by white men, with white money, for white audiences. And they will reflect in varying degrees the fears, hopes and wishes of these audiences. What, then, is the connection between racial and class animosity? And if there is such a connection, how does it express itself?

One Potato, Two Potato provides something of a text. Here the black lead is middle-class. He works for a corporation, his family resemble solid New England farmers. Like Poitier, in **A Patch of Blue,** he falls in love with a white woman. Unlike Poitier, he marries her and they have a baby; Poitier doesn't even kiss his girlfriend. His wife is his social equal; black militancy — the acid test — is portrayed through his father's pride. There is some sense of the existence of a black collectivity even if it is more or less ignored. **One Potato, Two Potato** was an independent film.

A Patch Of Blue changes all that. It is released in the Spring of 1966, about a year and a half after **Potato.** Poitier's girlfriend is blind, lives in a slum, her grandfather is a terrible drinker, her mother is a whore and a waitress. This is not Poitier's scene. Black mili-

tancy this time is represented by his brother, probably since **Birth Of A Nation** the first black who is shown to be really rotten and awful. But then: "We don't agree on race or politics," says Poitier.

The extraordinary performance of Shelley Winters is crucial here. She plays the mother with a rare vulgarity. No heart of gold lurking underneath her whore's chatter, this is the underclass as the middle class really sees it. Naturally she hates blacks as the underclass is supposed to. Naturally the middle class whites in the film are seen to ignore her "racial" outbursts. Naturally Poitier will be beautiful to her daughter and teach her to say "aren't" instead of "ain't", Mozart instead of jazz. Rarely has a film provided such a feast to the bourgeois sensibility: on the one hand, it is positively invited to indulge its hatred of its own underclass — you just love to hate Shelley Winters — on the other hand it is titillated at the prospect of being told once more that it, at least, is not racist — you just love to love Sidney Poitier — and on the third hand, it is invited to join the consensus of the beautiful people — itself, nice Negroes, deserving poor like winsome, blind Elizabeth Hartmann — against the uglies, the Shelley Winters and the militants and the things that go bang in the ghettos. And the trick is turned by adopting a "liberal" attitude to the secondary problem of race.

On this reading, then, politics is seen as a hardy annual in American films. The image of the Old Tom refurbished as knight-errant provides political sanction for a white middle-class attitude that admits a black man with proper credentials to a share in power. It helps to continue the tradition of ignoring the real roots of violence in the ghettos while allaying fears of that violence. As the white problem becomes more critical, the Poitier films become more popular. **To Sir, With Love** and **In The Heat Of The Night** were released into the heat of the '67 summer, while the older films, particularly **A Patch Of Blue**, are regularly trotted out for re-runs.

However, it is probable that ghetto explosions may not be the deepest source of racial anxiety, since, in the last resort, one-tenth of the population is held to be containable. The real sense of menace comes from foreign revolution. This, accurately, is seen to be non-white. It would require another study to delineate some of the twists and turns that are accompanying the portrayal of orientals in movies — a critical eye might be cast on the early James Coburn efforts, for example. It may be the return of Fu Manchu is upon us. And the connection between the socio-political use of black people and these new substitute-blacks might provide further insight into the heart of darkness that is American racism.

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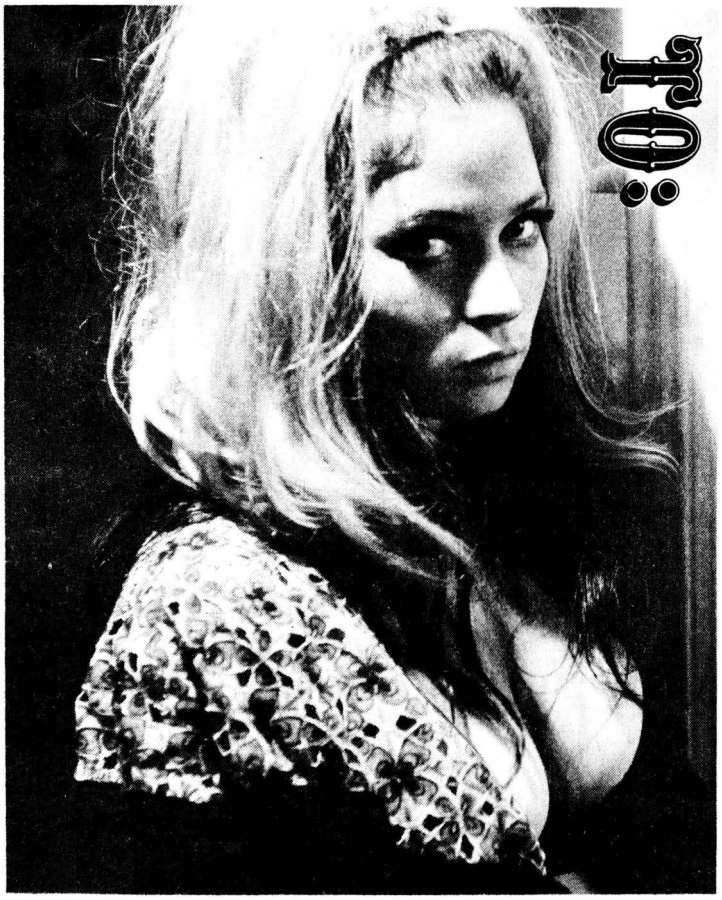
DONNA KERNESS TALKS TO: BOB COWAN



BOB COWAN

The following is an interview between myself and Underground Film Star Donna Kerness.

Cowan: Some time ago, George Kuchar mentioned in a preface to one of his films that you and I had some kind of affair in the steam baths of the St. George Hotel. I'd like to clear this up once and for all . . .

Kerness: Don't you believe it? It's a lie; I'm sorry, but it's a lie.

Cowan: You have appeared in many Kuchar Brothers films. Are you just being yourself all the time, or are you actually playing a specific character with each film?

Kerness: It's me most of the time, even though every role is different.

Cowan: Where did you first meet the Kuchar brothers?

Kerness: George was doing some religious film in Central Park about Trojans, Spartans and others. They showed the film at the Newman Club in High School (a Christian organization) and George got thrown out of class for it. All the Trojans had Dennis the Menace shirts on and garbage-can cover tops.

Cowan: You used to dance a lot, as I recall.

Kerness: I still do, even though my illness stopped everything for a while.

Cowan: What was the matter with you?

Kerness: I had dopey doctors. I had inflammatory blood vessels. Vascus lupus; Lupus Arithmatosis!

Cowan: Sorry about that, but you look good now.

Kerness: Thank you lovely.

Cowan: What are your measurements?

Kerness: 45-45-54-22-49-71-3-98-20-21-22-23-79-1-4-10, including top to bottom.

Cowan: I'm sure that your fans will be disturbed to know that you are getting married shortly. I'm afraid you'll lose some of your public image.

Kerness: On the contrary: now I'm going out into the real Big Time. I'll gain a new image.

Cowan: Tell us some of your wedding plans.

Kerness: Well, we're going to have a Rock and Roll band, and Minette will sing her little song. Minette is a female impersonator. We might also have Tiny Tim and filmmaker Mike Snow is going to play the organ. We're going to have slide projections and psychedelic poems and live happily ever after.

Cowan: In some of the films you've been in, you've appeared naked from the waist up. How do you feel about these films being shown publicly?

Kerness: It doesn't make any difference to me one way or the other, but if it does make any difference I say no.

Cowan: Give me a brief outline of your life.

Kerness: I was born in Bethel hospital in Brownsville in Brooklyn my father was a tire salesman and my mother did everything, first she was a secretary then she cut glass and now she's a hairdresser. I was born in 1942, December 27, saved pennies, got out of the ghetto; went to Colorado on a scholarship, washed dishes, I became a librarian, I inspected microscope lenses, I was a barmaid, later I washed heads, then a waitress at the Bitter End and scooped ice cream at the world's fair, now I'm working for The Reverend William Glenesk at the church where I'm going to get married.

Cowan: What are some of the last films you've been in, besides my film **Ten women Ten**?

Kerness: **The Craven Sluck** and **Color me Shameless** by the Kuchar brothers. I liked

the part where I came out on the street with the garbage on my head dressed in a psychedelic native gown.

Cowan: I understand that you know the film actress Arlene Dahl.

Kerness: Yes, she's very lovely — like a peach with eyes.

Cowan: What do you think of that marvelous actor, Bob Cowan, from the Kuchar brothers' stock company of performers?

Kerness: Well, to tell you the truth, I think he's got a unique quality — it's called genius.

Cowan: That's fine; I like that answer, so let's leave it there.

Kerness: I like working with you — we are a team.

Cowan: You also play the recorder. I remember when you worked at the box office at the Cinematheque you used to play it in the lobby while the film was running.

Kerness: I play mostly by ear because I forget the notes.

Cowan: What else do you do aside from modeling, acting in films, dancing, writing poetry, painting and playing the recorder?

Kerness: I suffer. I'm exhausted. I just can't do it all.

Cowan: Do you have any new films coming up?

Kerness; yes. I'm going to play Montezuma's daughter in George Kuchar's new epic — and you're going to play Montezuma.

Cowan: Really? This is the first I've heard about it.

Kerness: Yes, and I'm going to ride a horse. Remember that horse place in Brooklyn down by the swamps? Rocking Horse Ranch? Everything smells like horse dung, you trot your horse into the water and everything sinks, you think it's going to be so romantic and here your horse is sinking three feet and he's flinging dung and he's trying to pull you under a tree and knocking you down and it's costing you 2 dollars every half hour, that's why I went out with the boy in the stables, he was going to put me in the circus, in the rodeo and he wanted me to ride a horse bare back . . .

Cowan: What are your future plans?

Kerness: I intend to get bigger and smaller.

Cowan: Do you have any favourite funny story you would like to tell us — just by way of closing?

Kerness: Yes, but you'll hate it. Anyway, this guy is in a restaurant and a waiter comes over and the guy asks "Do you serve crabs here?" and the waiter replies, "We serve anyone; what can I get you?"

Cowan: Thank you very much.

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LIFE UPSIDE DOWN (Jessua)
*Jan. 17 - 19 (Wed. - Fri.)
SANDRA (Visconti)
MURIEL (Resnais)
*Jan. 20 - 23 (Sat. - Tue.)
HIROSHIMA MON AMOUR (Resnais)
LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD (Resnais)
*Jan. 24 - 27 (Wed. - Sat.)
KING AND COUNTRY (Losey) (Bogarde)
ACCIDENT (Losey) (Bogarde)
*Jan. 28 - 30 (Sun. - Tue.)
TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT (Hawks) (Bogart)
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THE FEARLESS VAMPIRE KILLERS

OR, PARDON ME, BUT YOUR TEETH ARE IN MY NECK

The first theatrical showing of **Vampire Killers** brought a sharp cry of pain from its producer and director. Charges of butchery were hurled about with great abandon but lamentably little effect. The version inconspicuously "world premiered" in New York seems to be some 20 minutes shorter than Polanski originally intended (running time is now a breathless 91 minutes) and has received a hearty critical drubbing, the comments generally running to things like "I certainly don't see what difference 20 minutes would have made" and "it was too long anyway."

It should immediately be said that **Vampire Killers** would almost certainly have benefited from additional footage. The film as it stands now is like nothing so much as a loud and only intermittently clever vaudeville, a kind of elaborate music hall send-up of horror flicks. Sight gags and pratfalls come tumbling frantically one after the other, with no attempt to build a gag by timing and precision construction. According to **Variety** (a generally reliable source on these matters), executive producer and self-styled "creative artist" Martin Ransohoff (he wrote the original story for "The Sandpiper") made no "wholesale cuts, merely 'trimming' to pick up the pace." Polanski's partner Gene Gutowski describes the changes as "recutting, re-dubbing, re-voicing, altered dialogue, altered soundtrack and altered sound effects," which has more the sound of wholesale evisceration.

So what we have is something we would never have expected from Polanski, one of the most careful craftsmen of the modern cinema: a sloppy film. Some scenes are amusing, a few extremely funny, but most are effectively depth-bombed by the frenetic lack of continuity. For this, I think, we may thank Mr. Ransohoff, some of whose previous credits include **The Beverly Hillbillies** (the TV show), firing Sam Peckinpah after three days on **The Cincinnati Kid,** and laying waste to Richardson's **The Loved One,** Polanski's **Cul de sac** and Mackendrick's **Dont Make Waves.** He is a producer in the best (therefore, worst) Hollywood tradition.

The pleasures of **Vampire Killers** as it stands amount mostly to some elaborate second-guessing; I wonder what this scene would have been like if . . . that's not a bad idea, if only they'd . . . and that sort of thing. Polanski has already demonstrated a considerable (if slightly self-indulgent) talent, but the film now seems to be as much Ransohoff's as his. The peripheral rewards (Wilfrid Shingelton's appropriately musty production design, an excellent Christopher Lee imitation by Ferdy Mayne and an interesting performance by Polanski, Christopher Komeda's sly score and Douglas Slocombe's brassy photography) are melancholy remnants of what once must have been a thoroughly delightful satire, distorted almost beyond recognition by a gentleman who seems to be something of a bloodsucker himself.

Jay Cocks

Produced by Gene Gutowski. Directed by Roman Polanski. Screenplay by Polanski and Gerard Brach. Executive producer: Martin Ransohoff. Photography: Douglas Slocombe. Stars: Jack MacGowran, Roman Polanski (not billed), Alfie Bass, Sharon Tate, Ferdy Mayne. Distributor: MGM.

PERSONA

The reason for attempting to analyse this film (I am a more inspired than in print poet, and not by any reach of the pen a journalist) is that I have read several very unstanced, uninformative reviews by hitherto respected newspapermen, university articlers-cum-intellectuals, etc., who have been most unfortunately misdirected.

Ezra Pound said somewhere that poetry is contraction. **Persona** is developed much as a poem might have been crafted. (I have determined to leave technical and cinematographical brillance to more experienced pens.) There is cosmic view of world order, a destructive force - or mending force perhaps - in the predominant themes of the film. The several brief flashes at the outset of the film are a microcosmic sketch of setting. The arc lamp suggests two things: first, that there are two poles Bergman is uniting: the first union is the audience to the film - the audience to Bergman's ideas; the second is the nurse's desire for communication with the actress. The mask of silence destroys this last effort and the poles diverge at the end.

Persona is a film about love, communication, and world order. The outset is concerned with establishing a cosmic scene — the man on the cross having a nail

hammered into his hand is used as a symbol of rebirth, of innocence and love, or perhaps quite simply as the lack of communication between the oppressors and the oppressed, between truth and prejudice. It is not particularly a religious scene although it could possibly be construed as that. Religion is a symbol of communication between the spiritual and the physical (here, the actress and the nurse).

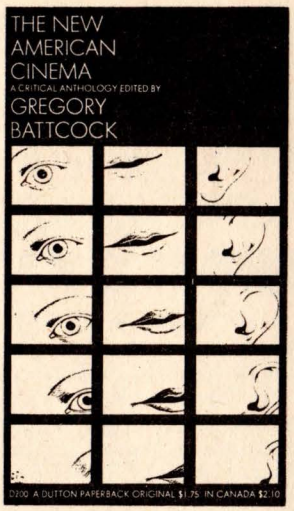
Fire, water(snow), earth and air are the four traditional poetic and universal elements. Fire is an element concerned with birth and death - destruction and construction. The self-inflicted fire kills a man because of a lack of communication, or peace or love, or world order; it is essentially a destructive symbol. (Passion in the film is destructive). The water is frozen into a snow masking whatever a fertile earth might provide. The air and earth are elements without whose presence allegory would be non-existent, symbolism would be weakened, myth destroyed. Trite, but truism. Earth is possible fertility. Air is the sustainer of that fertility. The air is neutral at beginning of the film and becomes menacing at the middle and end as storms, um, portend coming of winter, etc.

The mask is lack of communication; it is falseness, greed and, curiously enough, reality. May my palms sweat profusely and my toes join together!: the mask is the message, the media the audience. The mask is also pretence (obviously) with which a good part of the audience can identify.

The boy at the beginning represents innocence before the clouding issues of love, hate and the accompanying emotions of greed, jealousy and self-indulgence that are so much a part of the two adults' relationship. The boy awakens from the dead and draws a mural of two intermerging faces representing the nurse and her patient. Perhaps he puts aside his glasses to blur what he feels compelled to draw; he might also be using these instruments of better perception to glean corrupting knowledge from the book he was reading. Perhaps the boy does not represent innocence but represents the possible child, the abortive child of the nurse or the rejected child of the patient-actress, or perhaps simply youth untouched, rootless.

Perhaps only Bergman knows for sure, but then he wasn't sitting where I was during the show. For me the boy represents innocence, an ideal idyllic, an impossibly pure divinity allegorizing for our benefit

from Clarke, Irwin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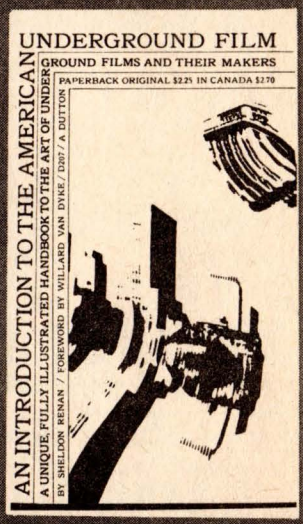
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(i.e. Bergman himself!)

Electra (choose one: Homer-Aeschylus-Sophocles-O'Neil etc . ,) may in this particular fraction of her appearance be attributed to Bergman as his interpretation of what the Oresteia had to say. It would of course be interesting to find out exactly what the actress had been saying in Swedish but I have been unable to do so. The relation "poétique" of Electra to the plot of the movie is important. The female Oedipal structure is manifest in the patient, not as regards the nurse or her own husband, but as regards a vision of life in which she places herself. In a manner of living, she has become her own whole family. Contingent to an accomplished emotional neutrality disciplined by acting, and the absolute silence — broken only twice from instinctual fear and pain — is the actress' awareness of the nurse's reactions and rationalizations. (Her "act" becomes the real thing). The letter which the nurse opens and reads is the dramatic epiphany of the film. At this point the mask slips.

That Mrs. Vogler attemps to pain the patient by leaving the piece of glass on the patio and further attemps to justify her animal-like recovery from rejection by withholding the boiling water from flight into the patient's body is succinct indication that sophomoric infatuation does not understand and will not collage with existentialist love for beingness. Love for oneself precludes involvement except with one's own conscience: that is the nature of the existentialist animal. Silence is the superficial guarantee of purity and innocence of soul. The patient has in fact become her own world of objectivity — her family no longer hold relevance, she harbours completely detached ambivalence towards the nurse (viz: letter); her past is of no use, she is alone with herself. Did patient really say "nothing", or was I looking too hard at the sub-titles?

Communication is impossible. The nurse in the film is simply a sequence of an action involving instinctual human reactions — pain, fear, sympathy — as far as the objective view point of the patient is concerned (viz: Alma (other) and patient in the mixed identity of the "double / repeat" scene). Patient is the neutral observer of the nurse's angst on the patio and sea-shore beach. She still manages that distinctly human emotion of sympathy — perhaps Electra-ish pathos — towards the grief of her nurse. I would suggest that it is this humanistic instinct of sympathy that the patient feels: communication itself does not enter the picture. Although not capable of extending her love, she would still retain basic instinct: the need for peace and companionship.

Bergman uses **Persona** to explore the phenomena of the interaction between two opposing polaric forces of existential intellectual contentment within the self, and instinctual need to communicate.

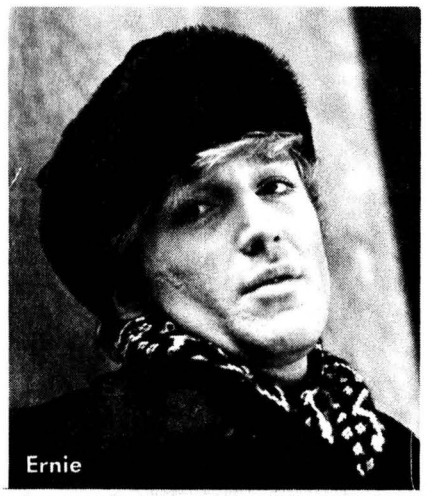
Michael Harris

Director: Ingmar Bergman. Stars: Bibi Andersson, Liv Ullman.

THE ERNIE GAME

The Ernie Game is the first of Don Owen's 8 mm movies; only it is in 35 mm colour. For those of us suckled on **The Knack**, the Beatles, **Morgan** and other larger than life anti-heroes, this film will have the refreshing quality of a home movie. Ernie is the modern clown (cane, gait and a poster of Chaplin). But we get to know him. Owen takes the 'swinger' myth and gets down to the nitty gritty. Ernie does not remain in the grand style of Morgan. He is created through Cinema Vérité as well as cinema fantasie; realistic dialogue as well as wit; improvisation as well as acting. The funny clown seen as a man in underwear gave many the feeling that the movie slowed down, didn't work in the middle, was a let-down of de-mythification. Like his girlfriend Donna, we find Ernie charming, funny and then a drag. The clown revealed is less than an ordinary man. Lies, demands, needs. It is this that makes the ending so powerful.

But Ernie and the game are different for everyone who sees the film. Ernie has the wry introspection of Holden Caulfield, the smell of a N.Y. Times Magazine section on hippies, the wit of Richard Lester, the ego of Alfie, the bathos of a Herzog-in-gear, and the social conscience of the bed in the Knack.



Ernie

His genesis is the anti-hero ironic about himself — neither man nor beast. Consequently, you don't really feel for him. Not in the way you feel for Umberto D, the deliquents in **Los Olvidados,** the dying boy in the **Family Diary.** You think about Ernie, make analogies, find him winsome, selfish, funny, redundant — depending on the role he is playing and how many times you've seen it played before. You're meant to watch Ernie.

As Owen says, (in **Take One,** No. 6): "In **The Ernie Game** — which is all surface, completely all surface — nobody ever tells you anything about the characters, no information is provided, the reason for doing anything is completely unclear because I think it never is clear . . .

I just hope people are amused by my films. I've made my films to amuse myself, as you can tell. I'm playing, and I hope that everybody enjoys the game, that's all. That's really what it's all about."

Imagine crying when Pierrot Le Fou blows his head off with that bright yellow dynamite. Imagine caring when Ernie tells you his mother dies. It's a fabrication. Ernie has no seriousness of purpose about Ernie. Until the end, neither do we.

Ernie is good to watch and so is the film. The rhythms of shots, cuts, colour, music get at all the pleasure centers.

Still, it is only at the end, when Ernie really swallows all those pills, that Ernie and his game involve me. Ernie phones Donna, who is, as we are, wary of his lies; Ernie tells her he is about to die but that he wants to live and she is the only one who knows. She is the only one who can help him. Of course, we know too and we are put in Donna's position. What are we to do? Rush home to Ernie who may be playing another game?

Hung-up Ernie gives us back our responsibility bag. Whether we took him seriously or not, whether we liked him or not, he puts his life in our hands. The **Ernie Game** throughout makes no value judgements, there are no dramatic statements. Only description. Owen makes his point at the end when he gives us no freedom to judge and we all become our brother's keeper in a necessary family relationship.

Merrily Paskal

Screenplay and Director: Don Owen; Edited by: Roy Ayton; Music: Kensington Market; Photography: J.C. Labrecque. Cast: Alexis Kanner, Judith Gault, Jackie Burroughs, Derek May, Anna Cameron, Leonard Cohen. Production of The National Film Board of Canada and The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. Running time: 86 min. Colour.

THE PAPER PEOPLE

The Paper People is as good as 90% of the films made today. The trouble is that it invites comparison with the other 10% — and in Canada the comparison would be made even if it wasn't invited. O.K. — so it's about a documentary film-maker trying to find the "truth" about the subject of her film and it's not as good as **Citizen Kane.** Well how many movies are as good as **Citizen Kane?** So it uses a few "new wave" devices and it's not as exciting as a Godard film. Everybody uses those devices nowadays and nobody is as exciting as Godard. Why do we have to apply the very highest standards of criticism to Canadian films when we wouldn't apply them to films from other countries — especially those from countries with a small and young film industry.

The Paper People has already been attacked by one Toronto critic for being too "arty". Well, any film that uses a jump cut or requires more than the intelligence of a 12 year old to be comprehended is considered "arty" by Toronto critics. In fact, one of the film's strengths is its unpretentiousness. Its characters may talk about life, art and other "deep" topics but the film itself never tries to resolve these questions or to hit the audience over the head with answers.

It does at times seem overwritten, but that's often because director David Gardner makes his point so well visually that the dialogue seems superfluous. The film does at times bog down in conversation but mostly it swings along with brisk editing, great photography and a tight script. Even the music is good. Though none of it is original, it is tastefully chosen and well integrated into the film.

It's unfortunate that most people will probably see **The Paper People** on television and in black and white. Gardner's use of colour is expecially interesting with the black and white of the film within the film contrasting with the bright colour used elsewhere. The effect is just as pleasant as Claude Lelouche's mixing of black and white and colour in **A Man and A Woman** but here it's much less gratuitous.

In all, this is a well made, well acted, well written, likeable film that leaves a pleasant bittersweet aftertaste.

Joe Medjuck

Director: David Gardner. Producer: Ted Zarpas. Script: Thimothy Findley. Director of photography: Ernie Kirkpatrick. Editing: M.C. Mann. Cast: Narc Strange, Marigold Charlesworth, Lucy Warner, Robin Ward and Kate Reid. Produced by the CBC. 16mm.

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COMMENTARY

DONALD BRITTAIN--DEREK MAY
for "Helicopter Canada"

PHOTOGRAPHY

BLACK AND WHITE--JOHN SPOTTON C.S.C.
for "Memorandum"

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FEED BACK

I read (TAKE ONE, No. 7) that I am enjoying an extended stay in Canada through "the good offices of the U.S. Department of Immigration."

Alas. Even the best offices have a limit on hospitality; and the thought of sharing your winter is seductive. But the truth is unavoidable. Manhattan in its death throes is the reality. For the moment anyway.

Patrick MacFadden
Associate Editor
New York

I enjoyed the last issue of your mag. The interview with Anger was particularly amusing — your interviewer managed to make both him and Crowley sound prim. Quite a feat. You cannot intelligently censor the erotic content out of Crowley's life or Anger's work (or vice versa). I enjoyed less cynically Hofsess' article which had a lot of good things. Best of all was Bob Cowan's New York letter. Very good. At the other end of the spectrum were Patrick Straram's banalities in French. A lot of English-speakers dig any kind of French as a new thing. But it too can be slick and conformist (see his judgement on Lefebvre).

Michael Scott
Montreal

Does anyone on your staff know what has happened to Claude Jutra? I thought **A Tout Prendre** to be the best film I saw in 1966, but noted sadly that he had no project listed under "In the Works" in your latest issue.

George Lellis
Syracuse, N.Y.

Over the past two years, Mr. Jutra had directed two short films for Canada's National Film Board. The first, **Rouli-Roulant,** is about 25 minutes in length and deals with the skate-boarding phenomenon. His second film, entitled **Comment Savoir,** is about an hour long and treats modern-day education in the light of recent advances in teaching techniques. He has also spent some time teaching at the UCLA film school.

At present, Mr. Jutra has what he terms a "vague" project for a feature film to be released this spring — a film that he describes as a "tragi-comedy with songs". It has not been listed in TAKE ONE's "In the Works" column, since we generally reserve mentioning a film there until it has secured solid financial support. — **Ed.**

IN THE WORKS

A curious situation e ists in Canada. Researching this column, I feel as if I'm walking on top of an iceberg. I hear distant rumours of so-and-so planning a film and so-and-so finishing a film. The general feeling — perhaps one of uncertainty, or simply lack of backing — keeps people silent until something is really in the bag. It is interesting to see that the English section of the CBC has quite a bit of feature-length work in progress while its equivalent at the National Film Board is doing nothing at present. Perhaps the birth pains of **Ernie** and **Caroline** have completely exhausted them for the next little while.

Sister Balonika. A CB C Vancouver production. Director: **Philip Keatley;** Screenplay: Paul St. Pierre **(Cariboo Country.)** Starring; Nancy Sandy **(The Education of Phyllistine),** Vi Powlan. Shot in the studio and on location near Vancouver, it is presently being edited for presentation on CBC Festival this March. The story of an Indian nun in a Yukon Indian residential school. 90 minutes.

Mon Amie Pierrette. An NFB production. Director: **Jean-Pierre Lefebvre.** A drama with non-actors. Sound editing in progress. 90 minutes, colour, 16mm.

Mon Oeil. Director: **Jean-Pierre Lefebvre.** Violence as part of our culture. Sound editing in progress. b & w, 3 hours, 16mm.

My Side of the Mountain. Director: **James B. Clark.** Stars; Theodore Bikel, Ted Eccles, Tudi Wiggins, Cosette Lee, Peggi Loder. A 14-year-old boy, a lover of nature, runs away to the mountains to become a modern Thoreau. A Paramount production. Shooting just being completed on location in Toronto and Knowlton, P.Q. 90 minutes, colour.

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. A CBC-ABC co-production. Director: **Charles Jarrott.** Starring Jack Palance. A 135-minute production, in colour, scheduled for showing early in 1968.

Hour-long documentaries, to be presented on the CBC's **The Way it Is** in 1968, presently in production: A film portrait of Dalton Camp; A report on Cuba; A film speculation on life in the year 2000 (Director: **Terry Filgate);** The Drug Culture.

Other CBC documentaries in production: **The Secret Years** (the story of Canada's role in the production of the first A Bomb, just completed for showing early in 1968, 1 hour, black and white); **A Matter of Time** (a CBC-Intertel dramatised documentary about the treatment of a cancer patient, starring Lee Patterson and directed by **Vincent Tovell).**

Some independents: **The Resurrection of the Body** (part two of the Palace of Pleasure trilogy, directed by **John Hofsess, Peter Rowe** and **Ron Taylor,** in colour, 55 minutes long, dual projection, currently being edited); **Organic Toys** (a 70-minute 16mm colour film about "biological chaos", directed by **David Cronenberg,** presently being scripted); and **The Assassination Generation** (directed by **Michael Hirsch).**

In the area of French NFB production;

Kid Sentiments (formerly **Mini).** A youth drama in 16mm b & w, directed by **Jacques Godbout** and presently being edited.

Maternité. A documentary about the woman's role in the modern world, directed by **Anne Claire Poirier,** nearing completion. 1 hour 15 minutes, b & w.

Acadie Contemporain. A documentary (90 minutes) by **Léonard Forêt,** being edited.

Goulette. A dramatised documentary by **Pierre Perrault (Pour la Suite du Monde)** in his style of "cinéma vécu", being shot.

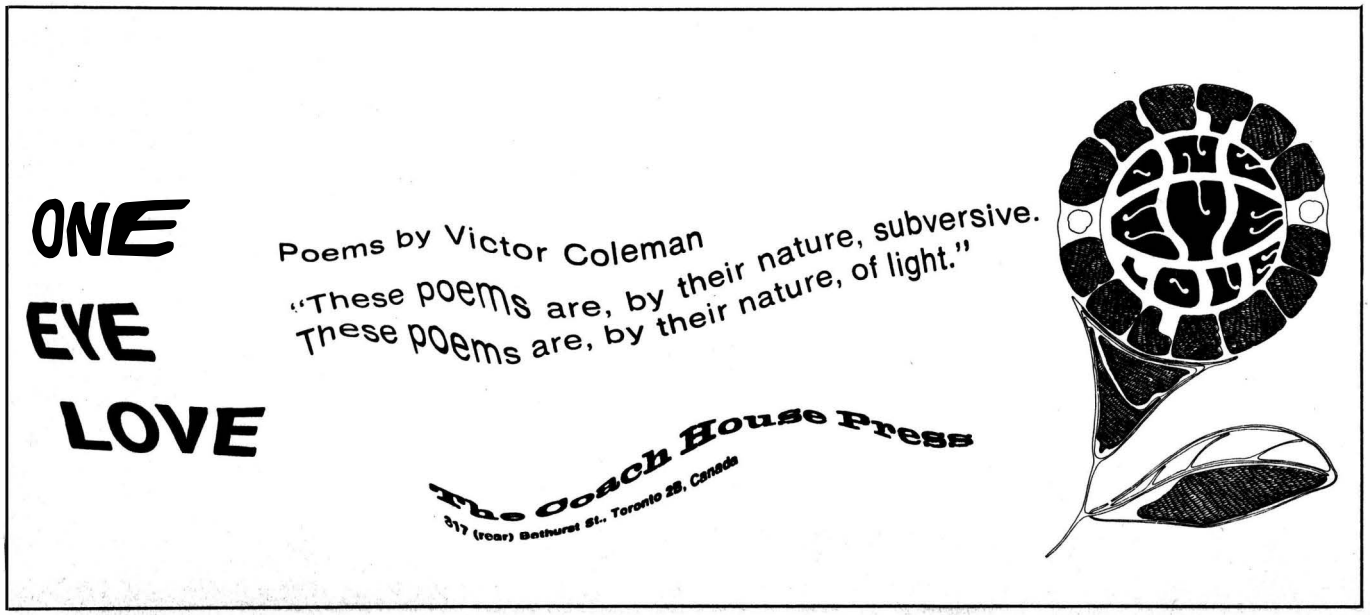
Chant Premier. A drama (colour, 35mm) about popular music in Québec, starring Georges Dor, Christian Bernard and Mouffe. Directed by **Gilles Groulx** for theatrical release. Still being edited.

Le Grand Rock. Directed by **Raymond Garceau** and starring Francine Racette and Guy Thauvette. 35mm colour. Near completion.

Un Jour d'Un Eté. A dramatised documentary (directed by **Marcel Carrière)** about a girl, brought up in the slums, trying to break out. Colour, 16mm. Still being shot.

Too-early-to-say-dept.: A high-budget musical (perhaps with the NFB) to be shot in Quebec, directed by **Claude Jutra. Larry Kent** (of **High**) to soon begin shooting a new film in Montreal. A drama, built around middle-aged homosexuals to be directed by **Ron Hallis.** Paramount is about to start shooting another feature in Canada (beginning within a few weeks).

Ronald Blumer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TORONTO LETTER

BY ALAN COLLINS

Two new directors of importance to emerge on the Toronto scene. Albert Waxman, one of Toronto's busiest film and television actors **(Sun in my Eyes, Ben Casey, The Victors)** makes his directorial debut with a 35 mm color short **Tviggy** from his own script, opening at the Odeon Carlton in Toronto on Jan. 11 and Montreal's Place du Canada on Jan. 25, distributed by Columbia Pictures. A sensitively written whimsical tale of a skinny Jewish girl whose dreams of becoming a famous model have no hope of fulfillment until she reads of the success of Twiggy, the film stars Montreal actress Eda as the girl, E.M. Margolese as the father, and John Kastner (Peter Kastner's brother) as her young man. A subtitled version will be shown at the 1968 Tours Festival. Waxman who was first encouraged as a writer by Carl Foreman in Hollywood, recently sold a Wojeck script to the CBC and now plans a feature film on a cross section of the younger generation living in a Toronto rooming-house.

Paul Rockett, for many years Toronto's leading fashion photographer, turns to films with a series of public affairs documentaries for the CBC. His aim is to bring the qualities of dramatic concentration, composition, and atmosphere found in stills to the movies. His three films to date — a tongue-in-cheek study of the wig industry, a many sided profile of Jack Kent Cooke, and an impressionistic view of Royalty in exile — show a wry sense of humour in the use of a voice-over narrator undermining the apparent seriousness of the action, the same narrative structure used by Roger Corman in **The St Valentine's Day Massacre.** Rockett's most ambitious film, **The Royal Condition,** brings together seven representatives of the most noble families of Europe for a formal garden party at a stately home. The film maker then enters into the memories of each of them by a series of associations, contrasting their former splendour with their present condition. The film contains both pathos and humour, including a brilliantly-executed parody of the Veruschka sequence in **Blow-Up.**

Alan Collins.

JUST FOR THE FUN OF IT

by derek davy

London-made films punctuated an otherwise bland offering at the first annual convention in Toronto of the Canadian Society of Cine Amateurs!

Happily this Londons is in Ontario and its films, unlike some, demonstrated an awareness of the considerable change in film making.

Steps for Catherine by the Student Council of Western Ontario has a very successful mixture of colour and b & w. It focusses on a young ballet teacher and the problem of her love for children. Even though this was its first public screening, and hadn't a final mix, it demonstrated why its youthful director is now in London — the swinging one — at a School of Film Making. **Scissors** by Kee Dewdney is an animation of various types of scissors but is uncanny in its similarity to that Paris film **The Leucocyte Story. Mosaic** by John Chambers is, as yet, an undisciplined b&w mood of motherhood using the new cinema techniques to advantage. All from the London area.

From the award winning filmer **John Straiton** comes another, **Banshees,** which will provide more controversy than his previous film **Portrait of Lydia.** While Lydia made discussion through its content, Banshees will do it because of its form.

Charles Schofield shows the scope of 8mm in his film **Busy Hands.** The steps of leather carving were interestingly and intricately detailed in a medium superb for close range instructional use. But it is difficult to understand why amateur filmers — especially in such affluent clubs — continue to plague their screening committees by using the out-moded 8mm-cum-sound-on-tape medium when the optically printed track method can be far more economical, far easier to produce and project, and is technically superior.

(For additional information concerning the Canadian Society of Cine Amateurs, contact the Secretary, Mr. H.D. Cherrington, 367 Rosemere Blvd., Rosemere, P.Q.)

CREDITS

Ronald Blumer, recent graduate of Boston University's graduate program in film, is a young Montreal-based independent filmmaker.

Jay Cocks, a regular contributor to TAKE ONE, recently joined the Cinema Department of Time Magazine.

Alan Collins is Production Assistant on CBC-TV's "The Day It Is" and "The Way It Is".

Bob Cowan is a Canadian-born New York "Underground" filmmaker (**Soul Freeze,** etc.).

Derek Davy has been an active professional filmmaker for some years. He has, in addition, lectured extensively and has also written articles on film for a number of magazines in North America, Great Britain, and Australia.

Michael Harris, Montreal poet and author, is associated with McGill University's French Canada Studies Programme.

Anne Hirmo, who created this issue's cover, is a young Montreal-based designer.

Bruce Martin, filmaker and film systems consultant, is a regular contributor to TAKE ONE.

Joe Medjuck, Associate Editor of TAKE ONE, is a free lance student working towards his doctorate at University of Toronto's Graduate Centre for the Study of Drama. He also currently teaches a course at the university on "Trends in the Contemporary Arts".

Merrily Paskal, late of CBC Public Affairs, is presently studying at Montreal's Loyola College in the Department of Communication Arts.

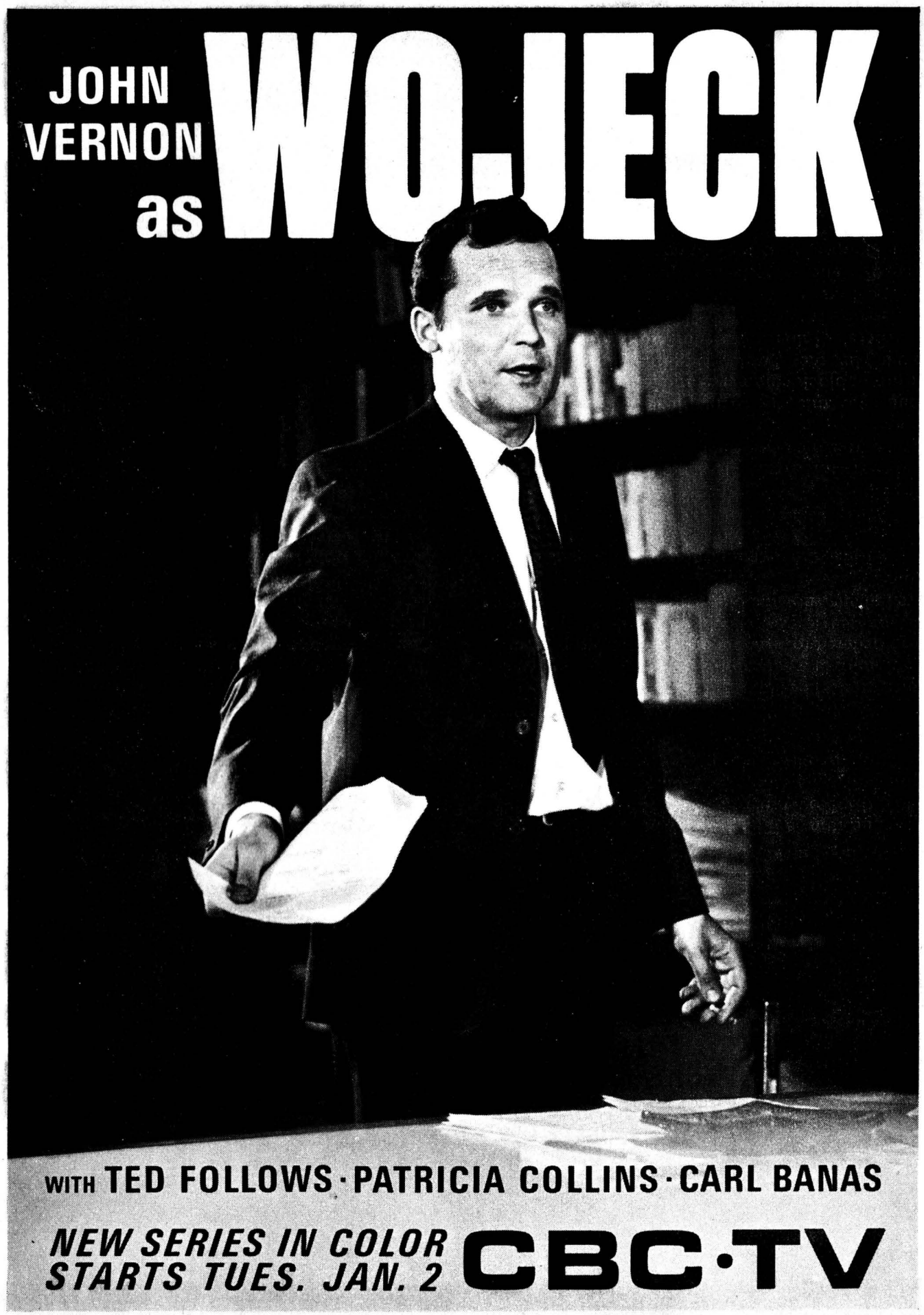
Anthony Powell is Project Site Director of the North Reading (Massachusetts) Screen Education Project.

Boyce Richardson is London correspondent of the Montreal Star.

Catherine Sugy, who holds an M.A. degree from Harvard, is with the African History Department at Columbia University. Her present article is soon to be published, in slightly extended form, in "The Harvard Journal of Negro Affairs".

Joyce Wieland, New York filmmaker and artist, is the wife of Mike Snow, painter-cinematographer himself.

Emlyn Williams, noted British author and actor, has written a number of plays — among them **Night Must Fall** and **The Corn is Green.** In addition to acting in most of his own plays, he has appeared at Stratford (England) and the Old Vic, as well as a number of films, including Josef von Sternberg's ill-fated **I Claudius.**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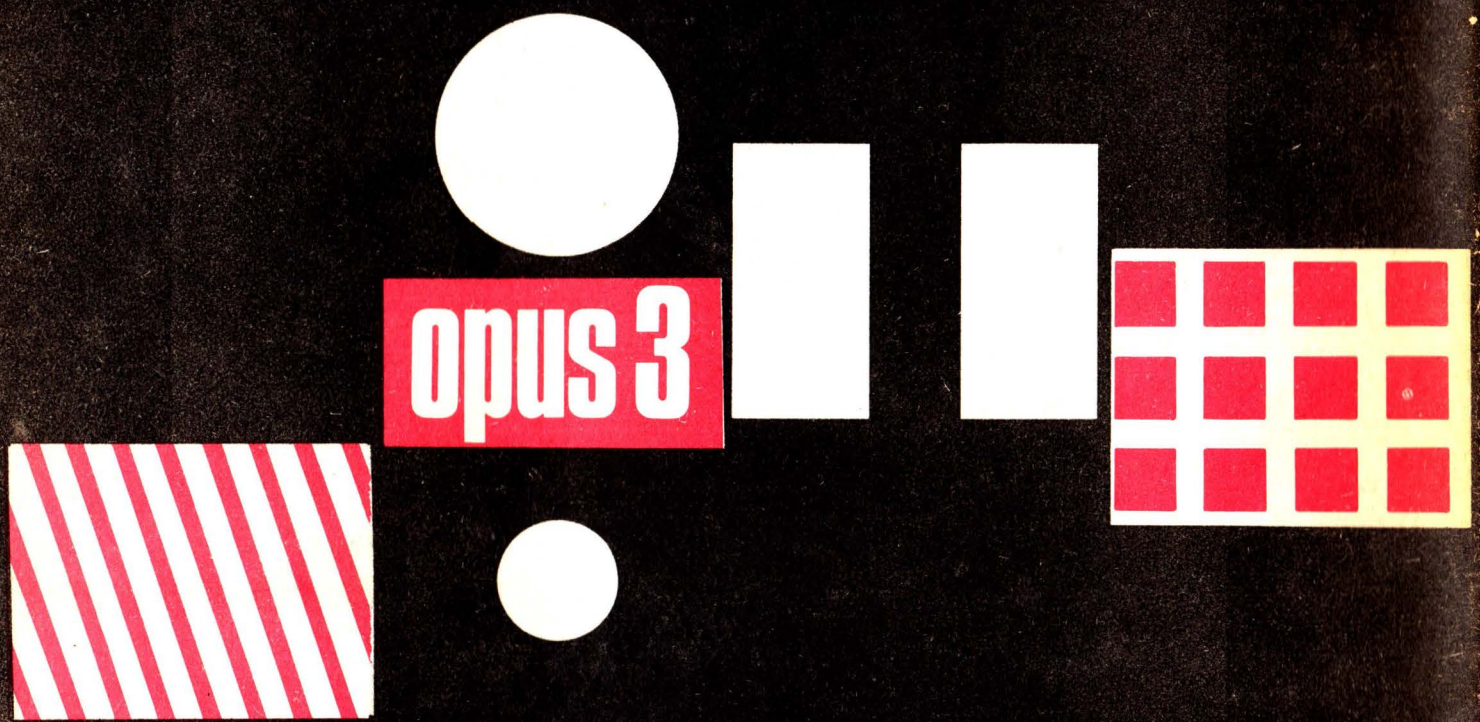
16mm & 35mm Black and White Screening Time: 3 minutes 30 seconds



16mm & 35mm Black and White Screening Time: 6 minutes 56 seconds

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from
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